

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society



DEAR SUSAN:

You were a clever little Sue to tell me that you were going to be in London purposely to receive my letter the day it landed. I must rack my brain to tell you everything that you will want to know.

First of all, I've had one Mrs. William S. line, visiting me all the week, and we have spent much time chatting about you. Lucie returns to her home, in West Virginia, today, after having given me countless good wishes for you.

It was so splendid of you to tell me about your trip in such detail, and if you enjoy my letters about the folks here as much as I do about those on the other side—well, I do not now just what to say, except don't forget to write to me more often.

Miss Emma Smith has gone up to Rye North Beach, N. H., to spend a month with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Smith, at their cottage. I rather wish I could have gone up with her.

Do you remember the Mary Lee which used to be afloat on the Potomac? She has not been down here since 1910, but she is still fitted up and will start next week for a trip to Norfolk, Ocean View, Virginia Beach, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City, carrying her owner, Mrs. J. H. Carter and a number of her guests, including Mayme Barnes and Loretta Barnes.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Barnes, by the way, will spend August in Atlantic City, as usual.

Mrs. Silas R. Barton and little Silas Metcalf Barton, who is a dozen weeks old now, are still in Washington. They will probably remain until Congress adjourns and Congressman Barton can go away with them.

Mrs. Barton's mother, Mrs. R. L. Metcalf, is in Washington while Mr. Metcalf is out in Nevada running for the governorship. You know he was civil governor of Panama formerly.

The other day some one was asking what the baby's politics were. They remarked that since his daddy was a Democrat and his grandfather a Republican perhaps baby was a Progressive. However that may be, he is the finest looking youngster for his age I ever did see.

I had a little talk with Mrs. Porter—the beautiful Winifred Mattingly—the other day and found her just leaving town for the summer. Major Porter is now in charge of the Eastern division of recruiting, with headquarters in Philadelphia, and has been installed there for some time, while Mrs. Porter has been detained in Washington by slight illness. She is now quite recovered, and with Major Porter will pass the summer in Atlantic City, going to her new home in Philadelphia in the fall. Mrs. Porter, who was one of the greatest belles Washington ever knew, will be greatly missed here.

Such a busy woman is Mrs. Swanson! Always deeply interested in the educational work among the Virginia mountaineers, she is now making an investigating trip with regard to the proper disposal of scholarships among the mountain children. Then, of course, she is the Senator's right-hand man and she manages entirely their fine big farm near Lynchburg. And withal she finds time for many pleasant week-end parties in her new car. She and the Senator, with her sister and small nephew, motored to Gettysburg for the Fourth of July, a most interesting trip, she said. Again with Mrs. Marye, wife of the new ambassador to Russia, she made a jaunt to Baltimore, where they were the honor guests at a smart luncheon. And then she chaperoned an interesting party of young people to New York, for Polo week—and had more fun than the youngsters themselves.

Mrs. Woodbury Blair has left town for her summer home in Newport and there is weeping over her departure, for it breaks up the most interesting bridge quartets,

Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. John R. Williams, Miss Patten and Mrs. Blair have been playing together all spring, at least once a week, and have had some very fine times. They are all expert players and it is difficult to find any one enough "in their class" to fill the place of an absentee.

Colonel and Mrs. Williams have been threatening all spring to open the Leiter place on the Potomac, but have been putting it off from day to day as the cool weather continued and they were comfortable in their R street home. Now they have just about given up the idea, as the colonel expects to leave the first of August for Panama, where he will join Mr. and Mrs. Leiter and make the trip through the Panama canal with them.

The Leiters will touch at San Diego on their homeward way, to coal, and there is some talk of their sending the kiddies directly home, to stay with Mrs. Williams.

Atlantic City is at its gayest and full of pretty girls, but they tell me that the Washington lasses are the belles of the ball and take the palm for grace and beauty. Marie Sims is at Galen Hall, Callie Hoke Smith and Marguerite Barbour are stopping at the Brighton and the Marlborough-Blenheim claims Dorothy Owen, Pauline Stone, Marion Trumbull, Helen and Lillian Hendrick, Margaret McChord, Edyth Howard, Olga and Marguerite Pilson, Edith Koon, Clare Pulleyn, and Dorothy Dunn, who are among the many pretty girls attending Washington schools. Little Grace Rose, of Baltimore, who visits here constantly, and Alice Preston, the mayor of Baltimore's daughter, are also among the most popular of the younger set. There are boys, too, galore. Tilghman Hendrick, John Bulkley, Galt McCormick, Douglass Cornwell, Winchester Lockwood, and a dozen others from the Capital, as well as the scions of fine old Philadelphia and New York families, who find our Washington girls alluring. Here's luck to Cupid, and may the autumn see the blossoming of the usual crop of summer romances.

Pretty little Mrs. Stubbs journeyed to Norfolk a week or two ago to speak in the interests of women's suffrage and made a very decided impression there. Norfolk boasts a strong suffragist contingent, who received her with open arms, and for some time after her visit she was the chief topic of conversation. Her address came in for a large share of praise, but her vivid and charming personality was what really "turned the trick." For a Southern city Norfolk is unusually pro-suffrage, and, being a small place, interest is raised to a high pitch. Lots of the younger navy women are active in the campaign. Mrs. G. L. P. Stone, wife of Lieutenant Commander Stone, executive officer of the receiving ship Franklin, is an ardent suffragist and so is Mrs. Maxfield, wife of Lieut. Louis Maxfield, of the same station. She was formerly Hattie Page, a reigning Norfolk belle and one of the famous beauties of Virginia. And she is as lovely as ever.

Speaking of Kathryn Stone reminds me that she will probably spend next winter here. Lieutenant Commander, or, rather, Commander Stone, for he rates an immediate promotion, will be ordered to sea shortly, and Kathryn and the kiddies are planning to make Washington their headquarters during his absence. You know Loring Stone is a son of Mrs. Brinton Stone. He was raised in Washington and after his marriage was stationed here for two years, so it will be rather in the nature of a homecoming for Kathryn, though her real home is on the West coast. She is a perfect dear, has a wonderful faculty for making friends, and will be a distinct acquisition to navy circles here. I only wish Loring were going to be with her.

You remember Marian H. Gates that sweet little girl whom we used to meet at the White House receptions when you were here? Well, on August 15 she and John W. Christie are going to be married. The wedding will take place at Miss Gates' home, up in Vermont. Miss Gates has been up there with her folks for several weeks. They will live here, as Mr. Christie is connected with one of the Government departments. He was graduated from the law department of the Georgetown University this year, so it won't be long before he will probably be hanging out his shingle.



MRS. SANKEY T. BACON AND LITTLE DAUGHTER, "BETTY."

Just look at this perfectly splendid picture of little "Betty" Bacon. Of course the picture of Mrs. Sankey T. Bacon is good, but "Betty" is the chief object of interest in her family now. All the family from Grandpa Hugh T. Taggart down to the littlest cousin think this picture is the best ever and they also think that Betty is the only grandchild that ever was.

Mrs. Bacon and her sister, Anna Taggart, have been visiting down in Asheville ever since Dr. Bacon received orders for duty at Newport for the summer. They arrived in Washington a day or two ago and after visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taggart, in Georgetown, for a little while, will go on to Newport to join Dr. Bacon for the rest of the summer.

Northern resorts do not claim all of the summer sojourners these days. Asheville, though par excellence a winter place, is full of society folk, and the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan have rented a cottage there for the season and will take possession shortly. Last week the Secretary made a short stay at the Battery Park Hotel and was an honored guest at the twenty-seventh anniversary hall there, and was entertained at a dinner before the dance.

Capt. and Mrs. Clarence R. Day are at the Grove Park Inn for a short stay; also Capt. and Mrs. R. W. McMillan. Indeed, Asheville seems to be particularly attractive to service folk, for I have heard of just dozens of army and navy people who had been there recently or were contemplating a visit in the near future.

All the rain we have had, Susan, has done wonders in keeping Washington as beautifully green as in the early spring. The lawns and trees in the neighborhood of the Capitol, and, in fact, all of the Government buildings, are like green velvet. I've never seen more beautiful flowers anyway than this summer. One afternoon I went over to the hospital to see some one who was ill, and while there a box came from Small's filled with pale pink gladiolus. They were exquisite.

Mrs. William Shaw Macpherson and little Peggy left town yesterday for Toronto, to join Mr. Macpherson. They were here visiting Pearl's relatives for the last two months. Mrs. Macpherson, sr., who has been visit-

ing here brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Shaw, in Cleveland Park, either returned to her home, in Toronto, at the same time that Pearl and Peggy did, or a day or two before. I did not see her at the train.

Oh, yes, we all went down to see them off.

Mrs. Fred L. Harvey and the two little girls, Jane and Olga May, are leaving town today for Cape May, N. J., where they expect to stay until the middle of September. I want Isabel to go down with them for a while later.

What a time you must have had looking for a hairdresser in Scotland. I've an idea that those good folks wouldn't approve of your extravagance. Possibly they'd call it laziness. Anyway, Susan, there are plenty

over here. All kinds. Why the other day I was chatting with Ruth's mother over the 'phone and she said that she had planned to go down town that morning, but that she couldn't go. She had to stay home while her cook went to the hairdressers. She tried to get her to put the dressing off until the next afternoon, which was the maid's day off, but she said she wouldn't go then because every girl in town was there on Thursday afternoon, and she wouldn't "mix up" with them.

One of the prettiest parties I know of was given recently in celebration of the birthday of Mrs. Olive D. Rodgers in her apartment, in the Cavendish, by a number of her friends. It was her seventy-fifth anniversary, but really that was almost impossible to believe. If anyone had said fiftieth it would have been more like it.

Mrs. Rodgers is the most wonderfully youthful person I have ever seen. Her hair is but slightly gray and very abundant, and her complexion is beautiful. She does beautiful painting even now, and she takes an interest in everything and everyone. She goes in for quite a busy social life. She has a large circle of friends and is always the moving spirit among them.

Mrs. Emma Crossley presided at the punch bowl.

Margaret Wilson is visiting Claire Batten, up at the Batten place, at Swiftwater, on the Delaware river, near Pocono, Pa. She is having the time of her life, taking pictures, dancing, playing tennis, and motoring and forgetting that she is the President's daughter and a magazine editor.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Thomas are having their annual family reunion at Marshall Hall tomorrow in celebration of the birthday of the host. You know the Thomases are members of the old Marshall family, who originally owned Marshall Hall, and they always select this historic spot for their party. The dinner will be served in old-fashioned Maryland style, and the guests will include Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwin Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Morton Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. John Blackford, John P. Thomas, H. R. Thomas, Eunice Blake Omohundro, and Mr. and Mrs. Lanford.

The Minister of Peru and Mme. Pezet are still here. I was talking to Mme. Pezet and she said they were hoping to get away very soon. They will go to Cape Cod to join A. Washington Pezet, who is up there busy writing another play.

Seems to me that most all of the festivities are centering about the Speaker and Mrs. Champ Clark these days. Either the Clarks are giving one of their delightful and frequent luncheon parties at the Capitol or are being entertained at a dinner or supper, somewhere. The other night Mrs. W. W. Dixon, that charming Southern woman who lives at the Willard, and Miss Flora Wilson gave a dinner at Dower House for the Speaker and Mrs. Clark. There was quite a large party, and they went down in motor cars and had the most splendid time. Genevieve was in the party, and, as usual, devoted her time to making herself just as attractive

to the members of the party, made up chiefly of her elders, as she would have if they had all been folks in her own little circle. She is a wonder, anyway.

Nellie Claire Howard is back in town, but not for long. Nellie and her mother went down to Norfolk and Old Point Comfort and spent three weeks with friends. They had the best sort of a time making trips to the various places of interest in the vicinity. They went down to Back Bay, where President Cleveland used to go hunting.

This was the very first time Nellie had been down to Norfolk, and she was so enthusiastic over the trip and wonders why she never went before.

She is going up to New York soon on a motor trip to visit Irene Barry, who was down here last winter.

No, Hazel and Alice did not come over from Baltimore for the week-end. It was so hot, they decided that they would stay home. I have not been over there, either. But, speaking of Baltimore makes me think of something Mrs. Marshall was telling me the other day. She and the Vice President motored over recently to spend the day with some friends and they found the road covered with tar. They were so covered with it that Mr. Marshall said she had to pitch her gloves into the trash basket and send her coat and dress to a cleanser's right off. And her hat—that is past telling! On the return trip they sought a different route, and before they reached Washington they had gone about 150 miles, and it was awfully late.

Little Elizabeth Milliken, by her family affectionately known as "Miss Billy Buffington," is back home again and cuter and sweeter than ever. She has grown so that I hardly recognized her. One of the funniest things she has said recently was about the neighbor's "cooker." Seems as if the maid had been taken ill and the ambulance was sent for and the Doctor and driver escorted the woman from the house. Little "Billy" had been in the kitchen watching her mother renovating and dyeing some ribbons when the gong on the hospital wagon sounded, and, childlike, she ran to see what was going on. When she returned she said that the "cooker" had died, and, when rebuked for telling a fib she said: "Well, she is dyed black anyway."

Did you know that the night of the 4th of March she prayed to the Lord to make Mother's lap longer. Mother had attempted to hold her as the parade went by, but she slipped off and it worried her.

There is not one other thing for me to write about except that after I post this, I shall look over my none-too-extensive wardrobe and select what seems best to wear out to Aunt Jennie's dance tonight. I rather think I'll go up in Maryland on Monday to spend a few days, but your letter will be forwarded just the same.

Ruth, who is right here beside me now, reading some letters, sends her love, and so does

Jean Eliot
Saturday afternoon.

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